

Good Morning 501

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



DEREK WRITES TO HIS DADDY P.O. Norman Hardy

MY Dearest Daddy,
The funniest thing in the world happened to me to-day. I was just going to have my dinner—porridge as usual, and poor stuff these war-time days—when a knock came on our front door. Yes, we're still living at 13, Charterhouse-street, West Hartlepool.

Well, Mummy went to the door, and there were two funny-looking men stood outside. One had a little bag with him, but as it was a brown bag and not a black one, I knew that it wasn't the doctor coming with another brother or sister for me.

These men said, "Good morning, we're from 'Good Morning,' or something like that. Mummy just couldn't understand it, until they said you'd written and asked for a picture of me for some paper or other. Mummy said 'Yes, you can have a picture of our Derek, but not until I've put a nice clean dress on.'"

These gentlemen came in, and one of them was SUCH a funny man. He started talking to me and saying "Coo" and snapping his fingers. You know—all that silly baby stuff.

As he was going to put something or other in this "Good Morning" paper he was representing I thought I'd better give him some pretty pukka gen, and then he wouldn't start writing a lot of rosey stuff about me for you to read. After all, it isn't every baby that has his old man in the Submarine Service.

While this reporter bloke was taking a few notes, the other wallah was mucking about with our electric light, fixing some of his clobber up. Crumbs!! you should have seen the way he littered our kitchen up with his paraphernalia.

He'd got thingummy-jigs and whatchamacall-tems all over the blinkin' floor, and

then he reckoned to catch me napping with a big white flash—but I knew what he was up to all the time.

You see, Daddy, since you last saw me—that's four months ago, and I was only three-and-a-half months old then (a mere child, wasn't I?)—I've learned a thing or two.

Well, I told this reporter that I was weighed the day before he called—that was September 27th—and I turned a pretty neat scale at 23 lbs. 7 oz. Not bad, what?—particularly taking this rotten war-time sausage into account.

I've got two teeth now, and though they give me hell now and again, I wouldn't be without 'em.

I'm pretty bored with having to go to bed so early—seven o'clock is my time now. I think this is quite a bind, particularly as the pubs look so nice now that they don't need to black out the windows—but guess I shall have to wait until you come home on leave before having a man-to-man talk over a pint of Nelson's Blood.

I keep a sharp lookout for Grandad returning from work every night, and amble into the kitchen now and again to see that Grannie and Mummy give me some decent grub.

I have now managed to master that sinking feeling in my legs and can crawl around pretty decently, although I have to grab at a chair, the table leg or somebody's skirt now and again. But these are mere trifles—mere trifles.

My cousin David is quite a nice bloke, you know. Comes round and plays with me almost every day. I hate to say so, but I feel as though I'm patronising the fellow—but he's such a decent sort of wallah that I just have to suffer in silence when he pulls my trousers up when they've slipped down.

WHEREVER there is serious discussion about politics, you hear suggestions being made for the "improvement" of the House of Commons. The suggestions are frequent at Services' brain's trusts and discussion groups. Although, in the course of centuries, the House of Commons has changed a great deal, it is notoriously opposed to changing itself.

And possibly with sound reason. For nearly three centuries the British Parliament has shown a stability with which the representative institutions of no other country can compare.

But that is no reason why the suggestions, major and minor, should not be considered. Consideration, indeed, sometimes shows why the benefits of a change might not be as great as supposed or, for that matter, work out at all in the way foreseen by the proposers.

The most frequently suggested change is that attendance by M.P.s should be compulsory, the penalties suggested varying from a fine for every division missed to being expelled from the House for prolonged absenteeism. Behind these suggestions is undoubtedly the feeling of many serious electors that in some of the vital divisions of pre-war years too many M.P.s did not vote at all.

But the matter is not quite so simple as it seems. You could, I suppose, compel an M.P. to put in an eight-hour day at the House. But it is possible to sit in the House without taking the slightest notice of the debate in progress.

Moreover, for a great number of Members, the actual debates are the least important part of their work. All spend a considerable time in the committee-rooms, and it is here that important Bills

J. M. MICHAELSON Suggests some improvements for the House of Commons

are shaped with an attention to detail impossible in the full House, where more often matters of principle are debated.

Then again, most M.P.s spend more time answering constituents, studying vital documents, composing speeches to be delivered in or out of the House, and in similar pursuits, than they do in the actual chamber. All this is a vital part of an M.P.'s work.

How are you to measure the work an M.P. does in the House? By the hours he listens to debates? M.P.s have been seen sleeping! By the number of divisions in which he takes part? Many important and lengthy debates result in no division. On other nights M.P.s may spend the evening tramping the division lobbies.

Before the war a few M.P.s who thought their division record did not look good, used to make a point of attending on such nights. Figures gave them maximum credit for minimum effort! By the length of his speeches or their frequency? That would surely be curing one ill by creating another!

And in any case, there are M.P.s who do not often speak, but when they do are to the point, and play a vital part in the life of the House. A good listener is as necessary in the House as outside.

By the number of questions asked? This is a favourite way of getting "publicity." Good questions are a valuable part of Parliamentary procedure, but to make the

number asked the test of attentiveness would be to encourage foolish ones.

The fact is that the House of Commons must be judged qualitatively and not quantitatively. As far as attendance is concerned, the Party whips already have considerable power, and

USELESS EUSTACE



"By gad! sir, and phooey to you, in basic English!"

the "independents" are usually extremely good in their attendance. Poor attendances before the war may partly have been due to the overwhelming majority enjoyed by one Party. Compulsory attendance seems to be impractical in these days—although it is interesting to recall that M.P.s were fined for absenteeism in the 16th century. And, after all, voters have a very effective weapon in their hands if they think their Member has been negligent.

Deliberate abstention from voting is another matter. Cynics have suggested that sometimes an M.P. abstains so that, as occasion demands, he can later claim that he did not vote for the measure, or that he did not vote against it! Perhaps here we could adopt an idea from the U.S. Congress, whose "Record" publishes in full the list of members abstaining or absent.

Another idea often put forward, which does not go so deep, is that the debates in the Commons should be broadcast so that electors could hear exactly what their Member said, especially as the newspapers can only publish summaries.

There seems no serious constitutional objection to this. But it might tend to encourage Members to address the world instead of Mr. Speaker, and spoil the debates. It would undoubtedly give an advantage to the Member with a "microphone voice," and this is not the most effective voice in the House.

But chiefly I think it is not worth troubling about because I am convinced that after the first week very few people would listen! Debates can be tedious—much more tedious than the well-edited and summarised newspaper reports ever suggest. For every "tit-bit," is an hour of tedium.

The idea has been tried in New Zealand, and experience suggests that there would be no great audience for six or eight hours of Parliamentary debates every day. M.P.s should report to their

constituents and carry out their wishes is another suggestion frequently put forward. This is an old issue, the classic instance being Burke and the Bristol electors. Most people consider the issue settled.

Whatever may be the practice in other countries, in Britain a man is Member for his constituency and not delegate. He is not chosen to go to the House with "orders," from which he must not depart without permission.

It would, I think, be a fundamental change if we turned our Members into delegates. And it is doubtful whether it would be a change for the better. Some of the strength of the Commons comes from the conscience and sturdy independence of its best Members. Delegation would tend to make politics mechanical and turn every election into a "coupon" election.

From a practical point of view, it would be difficult to enforce a rule that a Member must vote as his constituents tell him. In many cases issues arise suddenly. There would be no time to take what would amount to a referendum. And certainly the tendency would be for reform to become slower and very complex.

Speeches in Parliament should be "rationed," so that no Member talks for very long, and far more Members get a chance. That is another common suggestion. It has been made often enough by Members themselves! The feeling has always been that it should be a matter for self-denial rather than formal ruling.

There has been much earnest speaking in the House on the subject, but the trouble is that Members always feel it is the other fellow who talks too long! Besides, the matter is not simple. The House finds two hours of Mr. Churchill on occasions is not too much, and ten minutes by another Member on any occasion far too long.

The House has its own methods of dealing with the matter. Either the chamber empties or, if the speaker is really long-winded, there may be audible advice. It is generally agreed that there should be improvement in the distribution of time between Members, but it is also agreed that this should be a matter of mutual give-and-take rather than definite ruling. The House dislikes in principle anything which savours of preventing "free speech."

These are just a few ideas being put forward. There are many others. Some in due course, will no doubt, be adopted. But the House rarely yields in these matters to pressure outside and, of course, it is often difficult for the outsider, unaware of the physical and psychological conditions, to see the full implications of some suggested reform in procedure.

Home Town News

IT is five years since tubby, rubicund Bank Manager, E. J. (Teddy) Richards with his Choir Caerdydd (Cardiff Choir) decided to run community Sunday evening concerts for the Services in the Tabernacle Baptist Church in Cardiff City Centre. They are still going strong. He got the M.B.E. for his services and means to go on till Victory bells ring.

Every Sunday queues 100 yards long seek admission. Hundreds have to be turned away. Famous Admirals, Generals, Air Commodores and other big shots take the chair every week and U.S. and other allied soldiers give turns.

And on Wednesday nights, as well as Sunday, anyone who attends the concert can step into an upper room where on tastefully decorated tables there is a good feed waiting and free cigarettes to light the way home. Teddy's fan mail from Service men and women the world over would make a film star envious.

More than 300,000 have passed through the hospitable

I've got two playmates now—a nice cuddly bunny and a yellow stuffed dog with a blue ribbon round his neck. They're quite good fun, and will do to play with until you return home once more.

I'm running out of news now, so Ta-ta for now, Daddy.

Your ever-loving son,
DEREK.

P.S.—Mummy says "Derek's a handful, but I wouldn't be without him."

portals of the "Tab" whose song on radio has gone round the world. Only once since 1939 has the Choir failed to hold its community sing-song. That was when an unexploded bomb fell outside and the Church was roped off. That night they went singing on a gun site!

"HEADS." BOMB-BLASTED Llandaff Cathedral, whose story dates back into the dim and dark ages—stone coffins of pre-Christian burials have been found there—holds a queer tradition on its grey walls.

Beneath the balustrade you will see a long line of Corbels (little figure-heads) carved at short spaces. They are the heads of Kings and Queens of Britain, dating from the days of Richard III.

Until a few years ago all the spaces but one had been filled, the last figure-head being that of the late adored King George V. Tradition said that when the last blank was filled it would mark the end of the dynasty.

Well, boys, you know how sticky things looked when Edward VIII (Prince of Wales) made his bow. He was never crowned, you will recall, yet that last space beneath the balustrade—there are 22 of them—had to be filled.

To-day you will see the head of Edward VIII there, the only Crowned Head on the wall without a Crown!

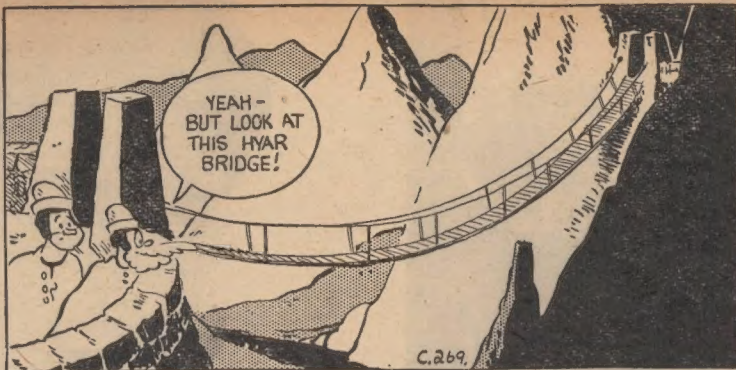
But now the tradition has been torpedoed. Space has been allocated on the other side of the Cathedral for another set of Crowned Heads. The good work will go on.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

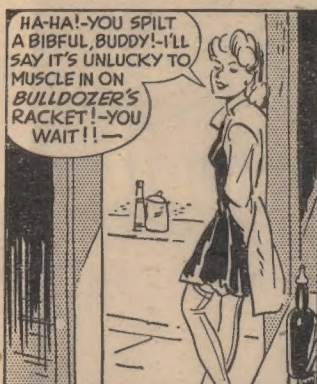
So write and tell us what you really think about "GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
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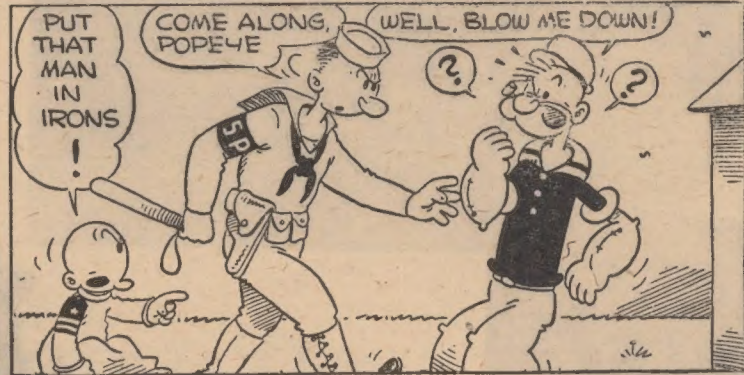
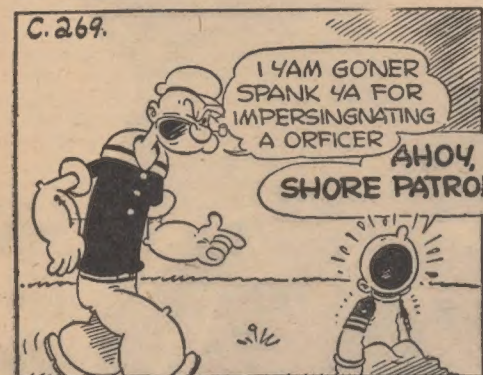
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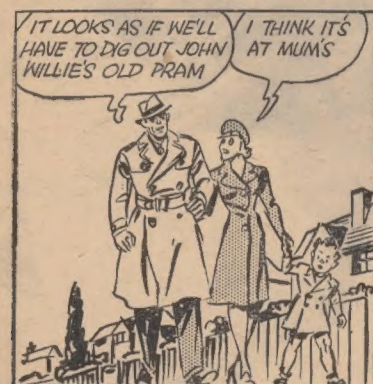
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

A LETTER from a friend in New York tells me about a big idea of a small town. Carmel, New York, has only 800 inhabitants, but Carmel is the first town in the world to become a civic "father."

Not long ago the three leading citizens got together and decided modern schooling was all wrong.

"I've noticed," said one, "that kids who go through school getting top marks and carrying off all the prizes very often become failures in life. The trouble with most schools is that they're just interested in teaching reading, writing and arithmetic."

Within a few days they had roped in the local doctor to help in a new scheme of education. The doctor consented to take a schoolboy into his surgery for a few hours a week and teach him what he could about medicine.

Within a few hours the librarian, the blacksmith, the printer, the banker, the butcher, and even the chief train driver on the local railway, had similarly become schoolmasters.

The children of this go-ahead town were asked to list their ambitions. From those who seemed serious about it there came a swift response. To-day they do just as they please. Having made up their minds what they want to do, they are given a chance to do it. British evacuee children have joined the scheme.

Young Stephen Rodd, in his middle teens, was chosen to assist Dr. Kelly. He fainted the first time he saw blood. "Do you still want to be a doctor, Steve?" he was asked. "More than ever!" he declared.

Steve's sister wants to be a nurse, so she, too, is allowed to help the doctor and to run a clinic at the school.

A boy who wanted to be a banker began to filch the petty cash, and had to be sent back to more orthodox lessons!

"COLLIER'S Magazine," famous American weekly, publishes an amazing article alleging the establishment in Germany of "life factories"—human stud farms, to which young girls are sent to breed babies for the Reich.

The author of the article is Konrad Werner, a Swiss journalist, who has lived long in Germany.

A hundred baby-breeding institutes have been established all over Germany. The Nazi Party (he writes) has established these institutes so that young German girls can be urged to "give the Fuehrer a baby."

The fathers are all picked men—members of the Gestapo, SS, men, and others. "One of these establishments is at Driburg," says Werner. "The best SS men and party men reproduce their kind there. Driburg alone assures 400 children a month for the Reich."

Werner adds that he spoke to many Germans in the Rhineland, a Catholic part of Germany, where the breeding institutes shocked and horrified most women.

He continues: "One woman told me of meeting a mother with her daughter in a train. The mother openly said that she was taking the girl to Driburg to 'give the Fuehrer a baby.'"

"Another woman said her daughter worked at a hairdresser's, and a woman she was attending urged her to bear a soldier's child, saying, 'You will hardly see the child, who will be raised by the State, and you will get 400 marks! (£33 at pre-war rates)."

"In Cologne people talk of a secret order to the SS men, allowing them to interfere in marriages which seem a fruitful ground for breeding, forcing the husband to accept and raise a child that is not his."

THE pets of soldiers and sailors returning from abroad are helping to restock London's Zoo. Such creatures as chameleons, snakes and poisonous tarantula spiders are being brought back.

Sailors from South America have presented small boxes containing the poisonous tarantula spider. Snakes from North Africa have also been given to the Zoo.

An official of the Zoo said: "Sailors who are going abroad can help us a lot. If we know where they are going we tell them what animals we need most from that country."

Ron Richards

Good Morning



This England

Are they still so soft-hearted in Knutsford that they clothe the cows there in woollen drawers to keep out the cold? Or has this quiet Cheshire town indeed changed, since the days when Mrs. Gaskell wrote of it, as Cranford.



"What can be the matter with the man? He's gone and fallen fast asleep when he should know well enough that to-night's the night for our walk. Dare I wake him?"



"Hi! Sister; if 'La Lamour' spies you wearing that Sarong Suit, she'll probably sue you. Then you'll have to call us as a witness, which will be O.K. with us."



"So I said to her: 'See here, my good woman, you may be a Nanny, but that's no excuse for playing the giddy goat.' Was her face red?"



"That's telling 'em, big boy! We'll show 'em they can't walk all over us now we're organised."



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Listen to those baby-faced gangsters, will you?"

